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WHERE MUSIC AND COMICS MEET

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zombie surfers ride deadman's curve

JAMES MAKER

morrissey's go-go boy gets going

BALLROOM BLITZ

l.a. surf punks

NORTH SHORE

win a tubular video

BLAAM!

8 page tabloid
supplement!

D. TEGREDO '88

THE GOOD...

DRAGON'S CLAWS
FIGHTING TO MAKE
EARTH, 8162
A BETTER PLACE!
BY **SIMON FURMAN** AND
GEOFF SENIOR

THE BAD...

DEATH'S HEAD
FREELANCE
PEACEKEEPING
AGENT – **DON'T**
CALL HIM A
BOUNTY-HUNTER!
BY **SIMON FURMAN**,
BRYAN HITCH AND
MARK FARMER

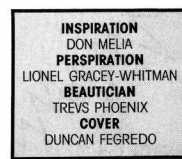
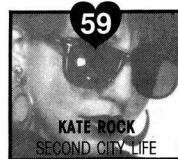
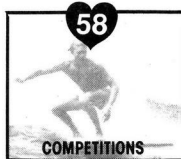
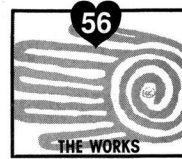
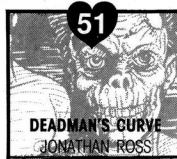
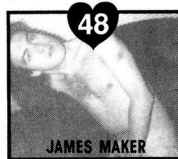
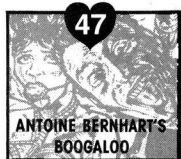
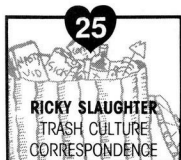
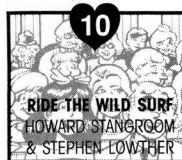


THE UGLY...

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Heartbreak HOTEL



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"In the 60's it was the three Bs:
Batman, Bond and the Beatles."

TIME OUT

HOLY DYNAMIC

DUO

it's the



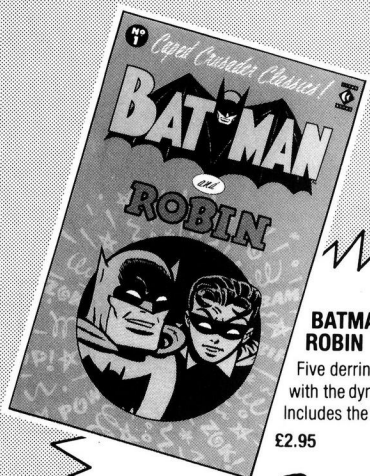
graphic paperback series!

Now the 60's Batman is back in his
original comic strip form in a
graphic paperback series
from Titan Books.

Thrill to the greatest adventures of
that dynamic duo - Batman and
Robin the Boy Wonder, defying death
to defeat crime and battling the arch
fiends of the underworld.

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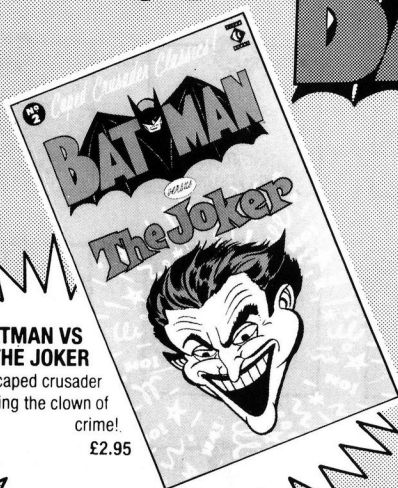


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Five derring-do tales,
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Includes the origin!

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POW!



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battling the clown of
crime!

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BOOM!

RECEPTION



SUMMERTIME, AND THE living is not particularly any easier than any other time of year, especially when the entire staff (that's Don and myself) decide to go on holiday. Two weeks lost in the production schedule mean that we've roped in our new designer one issue earlier than planned. So, hats off to Trevs Phoenix — typographer, designer, graphic storyteller and artist — for responding to my yelp for help. There are still, as Garry Trudeau once said, a few bugs in the system, but we'll have the definitive look ready for next issue. Which, by the way, is Motown. But that's getting ahead of myself.

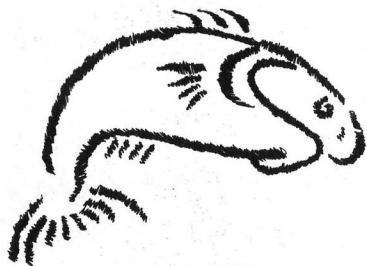
As if the past couple of months haven't been hectic — what with holidays, the Birmingham Comic Art Show, the Society of Strip Illustrators awards (where Don presented *Violent Cases* artist Dave McKean with the Best Newcomer award), various AARGH! gigs — the next couple of months look to be even busier.

Before you know it, it will be September 24 and time for the UK Comic Art Convention. We've got a couple of major surprises in store at UKCAC. One is the first annual Heartbreak Hotel jam session — fifteen of Britain's top comics artists have collaborated to produce a knockout piece of artwork for the UKCAC charity auction. This stunning A2 original is a cutaway drawing of the Heartbreak Hotel by David Leach with fourteen "rooms" drawn by Alan Moore, Dave Gibbons, Bryan Talbot, Glenn Fabry, Grant Morrison, GROC, Hunt Emerson, Linda Parker, Duncan Fegredo, Rory Little, Clive Barker, Phil Elliott, Melinda Gebbie and Mark Buckingham.

You've got a preview of the second big surprise stapled into the centre of this issue. When we saw Duncan Fegredo's artwork, we knew it had to be presented *big*. What we didn't realise was that we would find another half-dozen artists (so far) whose work also demanded the tabloid treatment. And thus was born *BLAAM!*. The first 32-page issue will be launched at UKCAC and features stories by Neil Gaiman and Shane Oakley, Dick Foreman and John McCrea, Ralph Atkinson and Rory Little, and Edmund Bagwell.

After UKCAC we've got a major AARGH! gig lined up in Brighton on Sunday, October 16 at the Pavilion Theatre. This is going to be a multi-media event, with stars of stage, screen, vinyl and comics. Further information can be obtained from Dominic Mandrell on (0273) 550969.

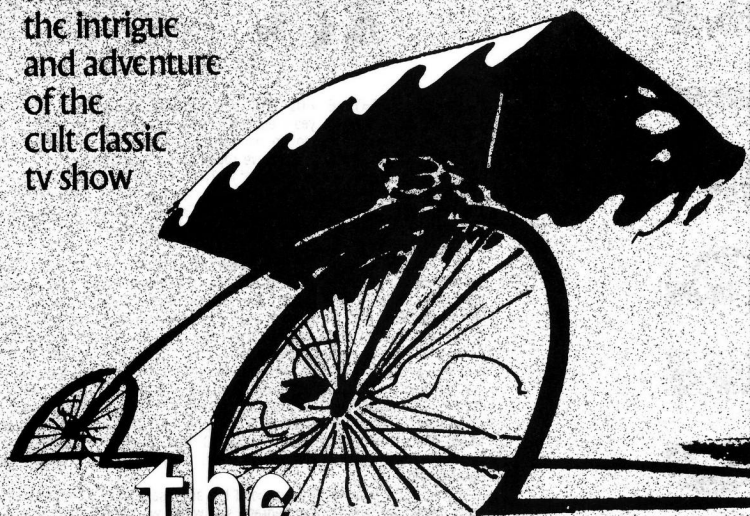
I'm sure there's more but I think it's time to let you get into our Surfing and Summer Fun number. Shoot the curl!



Publisher's note: It has come to our attention that the design of the Batman carpet advertised by the Cartoon Carpet Company on page 21 of *Heartbreak Hotel* 4 has not been approved by DC Comics Inc. Furthermore, the Cartoon Carpet Company does not have an exclusive licence from DC Comics Inc in respect of this design. Finally, DC Comics Inc informs us that it has no knowledge whatsoever of any plans to use this carpet in the forthcoming Batman movie. We apologise for any inconvenience caused to DC Comics Inc and hope no inconvenience has been caused to our readers.

now, a whole
new story
with number six,
number two and
the village...

with all
the intrigue
and adventure
of the
cult classic
tv show



the prisoner

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with mark askwith
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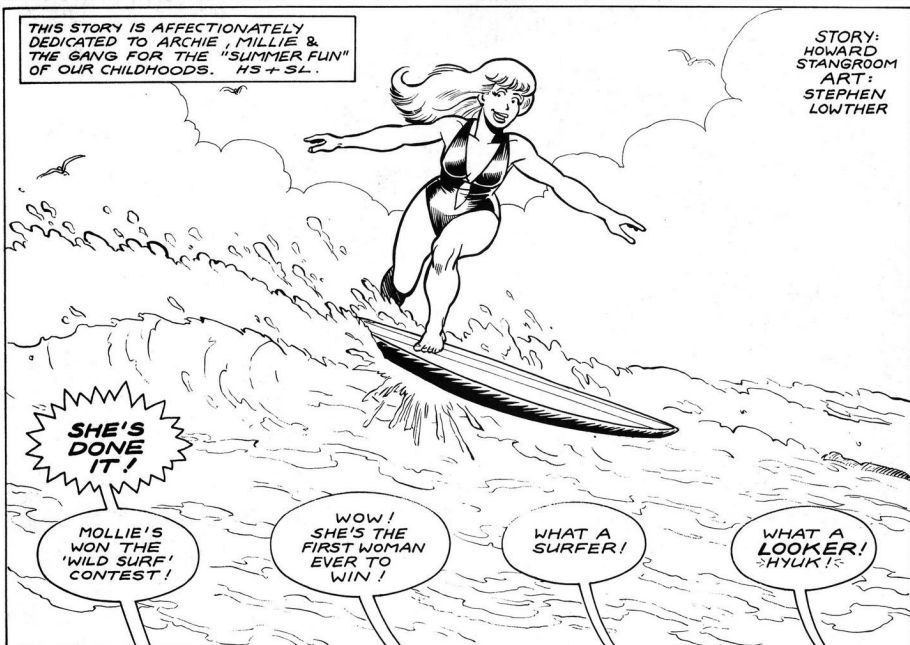
SHE'D DONE IT... WON THE NATIONWIDE 'WILD SURF' CONTEST AGAINST ALL COMERS AND ACHIEVED HER GREATEST AMBITION. BUT LITTLE DID MOLLIE SUSPECT THE HEARTBREAK -AND THE HAPPINESS- THAT WOULD BE HERS WHEN SHE ANSWERED THE CALL TO...

RIDE THE WILD SURF!



THIS STORY IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO ARCHIE, MILLIE & THE GANG FOR THE "SUMMER FUN" OF OUR CHILDHOODS. HS + SL.

STORY:
HOWARD
STANGROOM
ART:
STEPHEN
LOWTHER



**SHE'S
DONE
IT!**

MOLLIE'S
WON THE
'WILD SURF'
CONTEST!

WOW!
SHE'S THE
FIRST WOMAN
EVER TO
WIN!

WHAT A
SURFER!

WHAT A
LOOKER!
-HYUK!

ON THE BEACH, MOLLIE IS MOBBED BY WELL-WISHERS... BUT SHE ONLY HAS EYES FOR ONE PERSON!



I WONDER
WHERE
FLICKER IS?

FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
THAT TROPHY SHOULD
BE MINE! FIVE YEARS
UNDEFEATED 'WILD
SURF' CHAMP...

AND THIS
YEAR I GET
BEATEN BY A
WOMAN!

BUT NOT
JUST ANY
WOMAN...



RIDE THE WILD SURF!



...YOUR GIRLFRIEND, FLICKER!

WHY CAN'T YOU KEEP THAT CHICK IN HER PLACE, MAN?

I...ER... UM...



WELL, I'M NOT GONNA LET HER GET AWAY WITH IT! C'MON GUYS! WE'RE GONNA TEACH THAT SNOTTY BROAD A LESSON!

HEY, ROCKY! WAIT FOR ME!



BACK AT MOLLIE'S BEACH CABIN...

MOLLIE! I SAW THE CONTEST! YOU WERE...

MOLLIE? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

SNIFF
OH, MAISIE... IT'S FLICKER!



NOW WHY AREN'T I SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT?

AFTER I WON THE COMPETITION HE... HE JUST IGNORED ME!



"I DON'T UNDERSTAND! BACK IN LAURELTON, HE WAS ALWAYS SO PROUD OF ME! IT WAS HIS IDEA FOR ME TO ENTER THE NATIONAL 'WILD SURF' COMPETITION."



"EVER SINCE HE MET ROCKY'S GANG, HE'S BECOME SO COLD ... SO DISTANT! HE'S A CHANGED MAN!"



RIDE THE WILD SURF!



OH, MAISIE!
SBS
WHAT AM I
GOING TO DO
WITHOUT
HIM?

MEN ARE
SUCH SCUM!!
IF I COULD GET
MY HANDS
ON THAT
FLICKER...



THE BOYS AN' ME
ARE GONNA TEACH
YOU WHAT WOMEN
ARE REALLY
FOR!

DON'T
INTERFERE,
MAISIE, YOU
MIGHT GET
HURT...



I MIGHT
GET
HURT?

UHP!



EAT
LEADEN DEATH
YOU MALE
CHAUVINIST
ASSHOLES!



RIDE THE WILD SURF!



MAISIE... YOU... YOU WERE WONDERFUL! YOU SAVED ME!

HEY! A GIRL'S GOT TO BE CAREFUL THESE DAYS!



IT'S MORE THAN THAT. THE WAY YOU PROTECTED ME MADE ME REALISE SOMETHING! YOU'VE BEEN MORE FAITHFUL TO ALL THESE YEARS THAN ANY MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN! MAISIE...



I LOVE YOU!

OH, MOLLIE... I NEVER DARED HOPE!



MOLLIE, I'M SORRY! I'D NEVER HAVE LET THEM HURT YOU! I...

OH, SHOVE IT, FLICKER! I'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR EXCUSES AND IF ROCKY WANTS THIS DAMN TROPHY SO MUCH...



I'VE HAD IT WITH TRYING TO WIN MALE APPROVAL! FROM NOW ON I'M CHANGING MY LIFE!

I'M ONLY GOING TO PLEASE TWO PEOPLE! ME AND THE WOMAN I LOVE!



RIGHT, TIGER?

YOU'VE GOT IT, LOVER!

HEY, FLICKER... NOW YOU'VE DUMPED THE SHIRT! HOW'S ABOUT COMING BACK TO MY CABIN FOR SOME REAL ACTION, HUH?



END

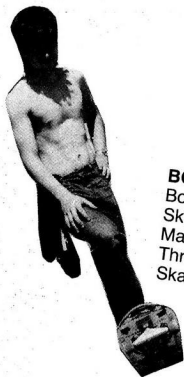
Surf

a-go-go

BUZ BAGGY TEES LO
HE STREET. SHOW OFF I
IN A XXXL. ALL TEE SH
CAN COTTON.
CK YOUR NECK OUT FOR
D COSY. FEATURING THE
GOT BAGS OF ROOM TO
JUMBO STICKERS COVER
ONE GO, AND BUZ BAD
IF RAGES
SIGNS FOR BUZ ARE CHE
ERS WHO ONLY PUT PEN
S ZILCH.
BUZ. ONLY FROM SURF



Japer and Alison Humphris



BOARDS
Boogie
Ski
Malibu
Thruster
Skate

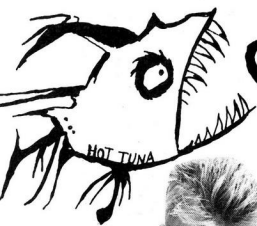
Go

MUSIC
The Beach Boys
The Honeys
Surf Punks
Jan and Dean



FOR

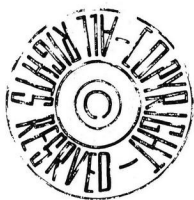
it !



LABELS
Buz
Gotcha
Wavelength
Snugg
Sola
Rip Curl
Sola
(OP is too out for words)

Richard Swift





BEACHES
Fistral
Godrevy Point
Black Cliff
Porthleven

Helen Bowden



Chris



SURF MAGS
Wavelength
Edge



MAKING A SURFBOARD

Surfboard maker Graeme Bunt has been shaping boards for ten years. He imports the blanks — polyurethane foam shapes from which the board is cut — from California. Graeme then shapes the boards, cutting away nearly one-third of the blank. The board is then given a base coat and layered with fibreglass — two layers on top and one on the bottom. The fins are then attached and the board is given a hot coat with a thin layer of resin. Then it's off to be sanded, glossed and polished (pro boards more often than not don't get a final polish because that slows the board down fractionally). The most surprising thing about this process is just how fast it is — it takes about 10 hours to make a surfboard.

The most popular board length these days is about 6 feet, although Malibus (the big old 9-footers) are showing signs of a comeback. The cheapest basic board is about £195, while Graeme's most expensive board is £250.

Graeme employs two other workers at his Local Hero Surf Designs workshop who both hope to become shapers. Graeme is self-taught and even though he has been making boards for professionals like Chris Rea for the past ten years, he says you can never learn all there is to learn about shaping boards, because each surfer has his own particular requirements.

Graeme can be contacted on ☎ 020881 4282.

SURFERS
Tom Curren
Brad Gerlach
Sam Jenkins
Andy Stuart
Russell Winter

Lifeguard Simon Carr



**SURF
HEAD**



JOHN DOWIE'S

HARD TO SWALLOW



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IT'S ALL SURF, SAND AND SUNCREAM IN=

BEACH BLANKET BINGO

"KAFKAESQUE INTENSITY..."

BACK IN CLASS AGAIN...



I WAS JUST A CRAZY MIXED UP KID I GUESS—SO I CONFIDED IN MY BIG BROTHER. HE'D BEEN AROUND... HE WORKED IN THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT AT THE LOCAL BANK...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME, FRATER... I FEEL PERMANENTLY **EMOTIONAL** AND **UNSURE** OF MYSELF...

IT'S THE ONSET OF PUBERTY, OUR KID... CHECK IT OUT WITH THE VICAR!

← BOSTON

Ian Allen Translators Book

3 WEEKS LATER...THE BIG DAY ARRIVED!

—SOON HAVE THESE EGGS HARD-BOILED... WILL THOSE BE ENOUGH PILCHARD SANDWICHES? AND HAVE YOU INCLUDED YOUR PACAMAC IN CASE? PLUS DON'T FORGET TO TAKE A **BLANKET...**

YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO LIE IN DOGSHIT, AS MY OLD PROFESSOR USED TO SAY...

AW—COOL IT MOM, EVERYONE ELSE IS JUST TAKING **SHADES!** AND **CUT-DOWNS!**

HAIR SLICKED DOWN THICK AS LARD

SNAP TIN

IF I WERE YOU I'D

Mail the coupon now, and receive Mike Marvel's FREE method for developing a new, almost MAGNETIC way of attracting the girls. At parties, dances, at the beach—you will have the girls clustering around you breathlessly, while the guys watch enviously. "What does HE have that WE don't?" they will say.

MIKE MARVEL COUPON
How I PULL THE CHICKS MAGNETICALLY

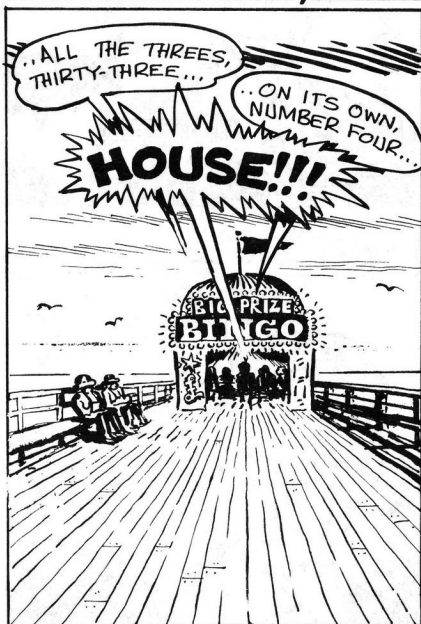
BY THE WAY, —CAN I PUT YOU DOWN FOR THE **CHOIR OUTING TO SKEGNESS?** I UNDERSTAND **GLORIA'S** GOING—KNOW WHAT I MEAN? ...

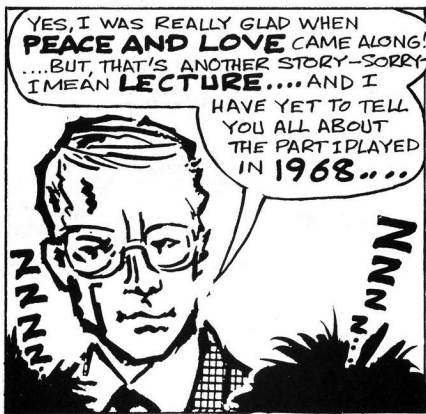
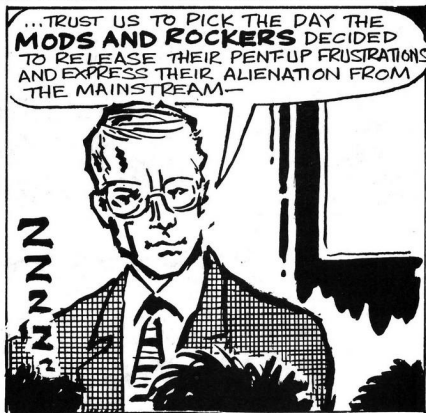
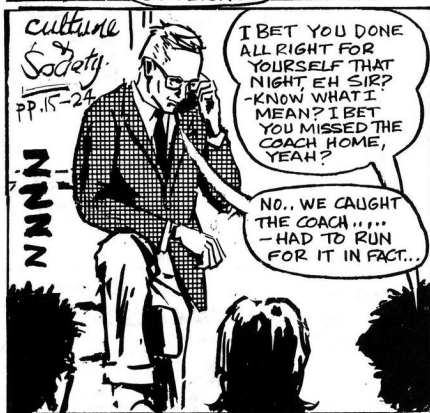
STOP THE BUS WE WANT TO WEE-WEE...

...THERE ARE SEAGULLS ROUND THE LIGHTHOUSE IN MOBILE...

DAWN CHORUS

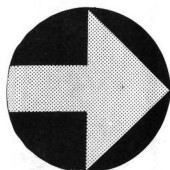
Asst. to Gordon LUXURY TRAVEL







CRISIS



THIRD WORLD WAR: IT'S ALREADY BEGUN!
CREATED BY PAT MILLS AND CARLOS EZOUERRA.
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CREATED BY JOHN SMITH AND JIM BAIKIE.

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**THERE'S NEVER BEEN A COMIC LIKE IT BEFORE
THERE'S NEVER BEEN A NEED BEFORE.**



MX Machine

THE PROBLEM WITH the beach is, of course, that all that sun, sea, sand and surf is just too damned *healthy*. Suntans? Exercise? Not much hope of street cred there, right?

Mind you, looking at the soundtrack of *Under the Boardwalk*, another beach movie resurrection which has just opened across the pond, I'm not so sure. The splendid Restless Records — home of Elvis Hitler — has put together a soundtrack featuring such thrash/hardcore/speed metal practitioners as Social Distortion, MX Machine and Surf Punks.

Social Distortion bossman Mike Ness certainly doesn't sound like a health freak. Although he's cleaned up his act, he's had his share of problems with booze, narcotics and prison. Still, at least this background gave the band the incentive to speed up work on their LP *Prison Bound*. "We wanted to get the record out quick because it looked like I was going to die," Ness explained in a recent interview. Seems reasonable.

The band also have a tour documentary to their credit called *Another State of Mind*, which also seems to confirm an enthusiastic interest in brain chemistry. When do they have time to get to the beach?

MX Machine makes a noise described variously as "bone-splitting fun" and "a balls to the wall sound". They clearly have impeccable taste, claiming Motorhead and the Sex Pistols as their main influences. Titles on their debut LP *Manic Panic* include Kick You In The Face and Psychotic Killing Machine. Wisely eschewing the standard sub-Tolkien bullshit associated with heavy metal lyrics, bassist Diego Negrete says: "We write about what we know. Some day, if we're hiking on a mountain and a dragon comes out of a cave and burns our ass . . . then we'll write about it." Oh, and MX Machine are also pissed off with heavy metal glam merchants, so no eyeliner when these boys are around, OK?

Talking of eyeliner, I'm pleased to note that the Surf Punks do a cover of The Sweet's very excellent *Ballroom Blitz* (. . . and the people at the *back* said everyone *attack* . . .). This, as you know, is an essential element of any truly drunken evening. The Surf Punks' new LP, *Oh No, Not Them Again!* also includes a cover of Jan and Dean's Ride The Wild Surf and a dramatic reconstruction of that dramatic reconstruction, People's Court.

What else can I tell you about this mob? Well, they take credit for introducing the words "gnarly" (good) and "tubular" (er . . . also good) to a wider audience, which is like rilly rad. Totally. And Dennis Dragon, the band's drummer is the brother of The Captain. As in The Captain and Tenille. Not a lot of people know that.

What d'ya mean, you still want to know about the movie? OK, OK — "Teenage lovers from widely different backgrounds are united in the surfing world of California," say distributors New World. "A love story à la West Side Story," adds Restless Records. The Sharks and the Jets here become the Lowks and the Vals. That's the Malibu locals versus the Valley surfers to you. Among others, the film stars Danielle Von Zerneck from *La Bamba*.

The movie itself sounds reasonable enough from that, but I think it's still the soundtrack that I'm sold on. The hardcore scene, with its do-it-yourself ethos and dozens of tiny labels, bears a good deal of resemblance to our own departed punk. As Restless supreme David Gerber points out, "We put out music that people want to find on their own. We want an audience that's willing to go out and look for music they like, not wait for the radio to play it or *Rolling Stone* to write about it."

What with highway shootings, the gang warfare of *Colors*, plenty of hardcore bands, and new editions of Chandler out in paperback, I think Los Angeles may well be in for a comeback as a hip city for more than just the ageing cocaine scum of Hollywood, TV and the MOR rock industry.

RICKY SLAUGHTER

Another competition! Restless Records have sent us cassettes of *Under the Boardwalk*, *Prison Bound*, *Oh No, Not Them Again!* and *Manic Panic*. To win all four of them, just send us the answer to the following question: Jets and Sharks, Vals and Lowks, feuding families . . . name the Shakespearean feuding families that started it all. Tricky, eh? Answers on postcards or backs of envelopes to the usual address by October 1.

Social Distortion



Surf Punks

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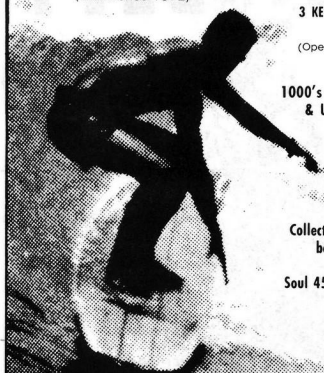
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A filogroc GUIDE TO BRITISH SUMMERS

WELL, ACTUALLY TO BE BRUTALLY HONEST WE DON'T SEEM TO HAVE REAL SUMMERS ANYMORE. INFACT THE ONLY DISCERNABLE DIFFERENCE NOW IS THAT IT RAINS RATHER THAN SNOWS AND DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE SUMMER MONTHS THE RAIN IS JUST THAT LITTLE TEEENY-BIT WARMER.

NEW WORDS TO DESCRIBE ALL THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF RAIN WE HAVE ARE CURRENTLY BEING DENIED. (ONE LATEST THORNS' (THUNDER STORMS) SOON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE WILL HAVE AS MANY WORDS FOR RAIN AS THE ESKIMOS HAVE FOR SNOW.)



OFF GARD

IN EYE-STRAINING
Continuing your crucial
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HANDY HINT FOR TOURISTS: MOST OF THE RAIN IS ACID SO HURRY TO SEE ALL OUR HISTORICAL BUILDINGS, OUTDOOR STATUES ETC ETC BEFORE THEY DISSOLVE COMPLETELY AND I MEAN HURRY!

THE ABOVE PANEL GOES SOMEWHAT TO EXPLAIN WHY CERTAIN SECTIONS OF THE BRITISH PUBLIC BEHAVE SO BADLY WHEN ABROAD IN SUNNIER CLIMES - THE SHOCK - SUNSTROKE (AND EXCESS ALCOHOL) DRIVES THEM COMPLETELY INSANE!



BUT NATURE IS A WONDERFUL THING, AND MEDICAL SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN QUICK TO NOTICE NATURAL SELECTION IN OPERATION AS THEY SEE EACH SUCCESSIVE GENERATION BORN WITH EVER SO SLIGHTLY MORE WEBBED FINGERS AND TOES, THICKER MORE ACID-RESISTANT SKIN, INCREASED ABILITIES TO SWIM AT A EVER EARLIER AGE, EVER STRONGER CRAVINGS FOR RAW FISH ETC.

SOME SCIENTISTS PREDICT THAT GIVEN ONLY A FEW MORE YEARS THE TYPICAL ENGLISH PERSON WILL LOOK LIKE THIS

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s of street-toughened youths
 dum. **Ricky Slaughter** a brave
 - urgently bragged that he

NEW YORK THIS time around has been . . . staying at The Chelsea . . . hoping they'd changed the sheets since Sid and Nancy were there . . . 24-hour TV from the room next door . . . multiple amputees sleeping in doorways . . . a wonderfully camp play called *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom* playing in the Village . . . badges reading "Whip me, beat me, bite me, come all over my body, tell me that you love me then get the fuck out" . . . the Dick Tracy shadow in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* . . . the Village Voice's description of Bob Hoskins as "a walking testicle" . . . just missing the 98 degree heatwave . . . Harlan Ellison berating a roomful of hideous geek Trekkies to "Get a life!" . . . *Night of the Living Dead* bubblegum cards . . . flyers for the Peter Turk fan club . . . the Blarney Rock bar on East 33rd . . . always getting a chilled stein with your Michaelob . . . 42nd Street the musical . . . 42nd Street the sleazepit . . . dozens of huge American trucks parked along 11th Avenue by the docks . . . bars that stay open all day and until three or four a.m. . . . learning to eat pizza in the street . . . industrial strength waterpistols designed to look like Uzis . . . (almost) uniformly excellent acts at the Comedy Cellar and Stand Up New York . . . being picked on by same . . . everyone living life out on the street (maan) . . . another boat trip round the island . . . the Guardian Angels' patrols . . . two godawful inflight movies . . . tracking down *Generation of Swine*, the latest collection of Hunter S. Thompson stuff . . . and discovering it isn't very good . . . T-shirts reading "He's tanned, he's rested, he's ready — Nixon in '88" . . . not getting round to buying *Making Feature Films At Used Car Prices* dammit . . . the "safe drugs" campaign (remember, if people offer you drugs, just say "what kind?") . . . falling in love with the Chrysler Building all over again . . . New York manners — "Hey asshole" as an equivalent to "Excuse me" . . . movies with titles like *Liquid Love* and *Bulge* . . . breakfast in the diner with the New York Times . . . the thought of a rewritten *42nd Street* for the hookers and the junkies . . . Jesus Saves crowds in Times Square, the spiel punctuated by sirens . . . sweating . . . Thinking how wonderfully efficient American barstaff are . . . then remembering that we don't have to tip Kevin in the Star & Garter . . . Pinetop Perkins playing at The Lone Star Cafe . . . recharging batteries by the lake in Central Park on Sundays . . . "Mayor Koch not Welcome in this Store" signs . . . reading *Hellblazer* and the *Swamp Thing* annual . . . walking all over Manhattan . . . the old guy in Chinatown selling traditional wares as he shot passers-by with a plastic raygun . . . arcade games with live chickens built into the works . . . missing The Butthole Surfers . . . real American cuisine — proper burgers, fries with jacket attached and a blue cheese dressing . . . the Zig Zag Bar and Grill . . . feeling like a yokel at every slight social gaffe . . . street festivals . . . suffering withdrawal at the lack of news from home . . . looking for the Dakota building as I wandered through the park . . . the passing thought that Mark Chapman may well have done the same . . . kids selling homemade (and illegal) fireworks as July 4 approached . . . tiles falling off the wall of the shower in The Chelsea's room 730 . . . distributing *Heartbreak Hotels* from The Chelsea's art-filled lobby . . . plaques outside for Joyce, Kerouac and Thomas . . . strolling across the Brooklyn Bridge . . . "Hey asshole, this is the cycle lane!" . . . Forbidden Planet NY . . . car horns everywhere, although to no discernible effect . . . the Tyson fight . . . Larry, The Chelsea's porter . . . the mute homeless guy in Washington Square Park who clasped my hand to his heart when I gave him a handful of change . . . the dozens of beggars I ignored . . . the guy handing out leaflets with an enormous flourish at the corner of 5th and 23rd . . . eggs over easy . . . checking out TriBeCa . . . classic drunks, straight from central casting . . . things still going on, even at three in the morning . . . bottling out on playing pool in a Brooklyn bar . . . ads in the National Enquirer offering magic words to solve all your problems for just \$14.95 . . . Statue of Liberty combination snowstorms and hoop-la paperweights . . . losing at noughts and crosses to the Tic Tac Toe Chicken . . . spending far more than I'd meant to . . . and a six-hour delay at Kennedy trying to get home . . . Having a wonderful time, wish you were here. □ RICKY ■



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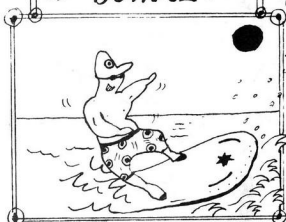
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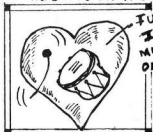
BY ~ RACHAEL BALL ~ 88.

BE TRUE TO YOUR SCHOOL. ~

...I CAN REMEMBER THAT SUMMER AS IF IT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY. THE LAZY HOT SUMMER THAT I MET SLIPPER. THE SUMMER I'LL NEVER FORGET.



AND THEN I SAW HIM... AN ADONIS ON A SURFBOARD.



... MY HEART SKIPPED A BEAT.



I WAS SMITTEN. I JUST COULDN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF HIM.



THE WAY HE MOVED ON THAT WOODIE WAS DREAMY..AND WHATS MORE HE WAS LOOKING AT ME !*!!CK



NOT BEING ONE TO MISS UP ON AN OPPORTUNITY, I FLUNG MYSELF INTO THE WATER AND SWAM PAST... PRETTY CASUAL.....



...IN SECONDS HE WAS HOOKED. HOW COULD HE RESIST.



FROM THEN ON WE WERE RARELY APART.

* ALL THE OTHER KIDS LAUGHED. CALLED ME A FOOL. * BUT I KNEW WE WERE

* MEANT FOR EACH OTHER.



I'D MAJORED IN CHEERLEADING WHILST SLIPPER, FOR THAT WAS HIS IVAME, HAD STUDIED CIVIL RIGHTS.

I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING BUT YOU'RE A BIT STUPID AREN'T YOU SHIRLEE?

IT SOON BECAME
OBVIOUS THAT SLIPPER
WAS NOT LIKE OTHER
DOLPHINS.

I'M NOT FUCKING
CUTE.
GRR, GRR.
I'M MEAN,
REAL MEAN,
REALLY MEAN.

CATCH THE BLOODY
HOOP-SLIPPER,
YOU'RE USELESS.

NO, NO, NOT
ANOTHER HOOP-
NAME OF MAN
SHALL I CATCH
NOR ONE
PLANKTON
PASS MY LIPS!

FOR WITH THEIR
GRASPING
DAREERIST
ATTITUDES,
PLANKTON
ARE THE
ENEMY OF
MANKIND,
AND I'LL PROTECT
MAN NO LONGER.

YOU'RE FULL OF
SHIT SLIPPER

TELL ME SHIRLEE
HOW MANY
PRESIDENTS HAVE
BEEN PLANKTON?

I SEE YOUR POINT
BUT IF IT'S JUST A
QUESTION OF APPETITE
WHY DON'T YOU STOP
EATING THE PLANKTON?

COS I HATE
THE SPITFUL
BASTARDS
I WON'T FORGET
WHAT THEY
DID...

ALL
THOSE IN FAVOUR
OF SLIPPER ARE'S
MISERABLE MOVE
FOR
UNIONISATION
RAISE THEIR
HANDS

CLASH BACK
BUT WE
HAVEN'T
GOT ANY
HANDS!

WHAT A
SHAME
MEETING
OVER!

COME ON GUYS WE
DON'T NEED THOSE
PLANKTON PARASITES!
HAVE WE NOT
WIT OF OUR OWN?
HAVE WE NOT...

MAM, NO
NO WE HAVE NOT

I QUIT! YOU'RE JUST
A BUNCH OF DWARF GABIES!
I'M GONNA GO IT ALONE FROM NOW ON! XC!X!

NOW, NOW, SLIPPER, REMEMBER THE
DOLPHIN MOTTO-BE TRUE TO YOUR SCHOOL
FOR A SAFE FISH
IS ALWAYS A
HAPPY FISH,
A WORM TURNED
IS A GERM
CHURNED, A
DROP IN THE
OCEAN PROBABLY
MEANS RAIN,
A BOTTLE WITHOUT

DROP
DEAD OLD
MAN

"SO THERE WE ARE SLIP BROKE FROM HIS SCHOOL AND WE
HITCHED ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES TO STAY WITH MY
MOM."

MY DADS-
IN
RETAIL HE
CAN HELP
YOU INTO
POLITICS

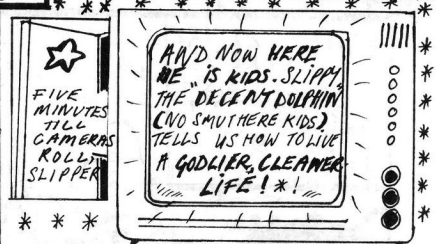
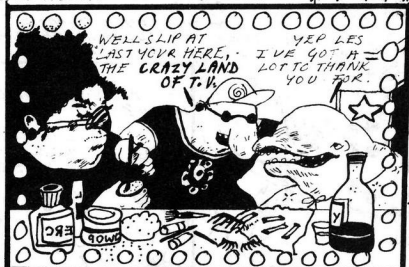
MY MOTHERS
IN
WASHING
POWDER,
SHE'LL
HAVE
CONTACTS

MY UNCL'S
IN LAXATIVES.
IF ANYONE
KNOWS
ANYTHING
ABOUT
POLITICS
HE WILL



splat

SLIP DID FINALLY MAKE THE T.V. BUT IT WASN'T QUITE WHAT HE HAD HOPED IT WOULD BE. * * * *



DAILY Mirror POP GROUP IN SICK COCAINE TAUNT AT CHARLES

DAILY MIRROR, Tuesday, December 29, 1987

PAGE 3

By JONATHAN ASHBY
A SICK record sleeve is claiming that cocaine has the royal seal of approval from Prince Charles.

The sleeve also says that Margaret Thatcher and Mother Teresa endorse the use of the drug.

"Only dickheads die from cocaine," Prince Charles is alleged to have said. "The best people used it and are still using it."

The blood-spattered sleeve is on a disc called *Raw Power* by Lord Horror and the Savoy King Co-caine Band.

EXCLUSIVE



SMEAR: Prince Charles

Falklands

On the reverse is a cartoon of a man injecting himself and a fake quote from the Prime Minister—"I'm not worried by military reports that our lads are winning the Falklands war by taking cocaine."

There is also a made-up quote from Mother Teresa: "I always give cocaine to niggers. It helps them to produce healthy babies."

The album, which is released by Manchester-based Savoy Records, came under bitter attack last night from Tory MP Geoffrey Dickens.

He stormed: "It is not

only disgusting and degrading to the Royal family and the Prime Minister, but it seriously insults the bravery of the soldiers who fought in the Falklands."

"I'd like to put the sick people who released this record up against some of those soldiers."

Mr Dickens wants action by the police and the Home Office.

Savoy Records were unavailable for comment.

But spokesmen for Britain's top record distributors say they have refused to have anything to do with the record.



SAVOY HITLER YOUTH BAND BLUE MONDAY (Cadillac Ranch) Savoy Entropy

This is, really, what blasphemy is all about: the transference of symbols, the cheapening of people's lives by putting inverted commas around their experiences. And here, on the sleeve, we have scenes from Dachau and a man with his head exploding, yelling "suckarse nigger Jew". The music, though, is good, a splice between New Order and Bruce Springsteen which deranges both of them by jamming them together. The Shadows seem to be making a late appearance before the thing grinds to a halt. Musically, extremely tasteful.

New Musical Express, 1 Nov 1986



SAVOY HITLER YOUTH BAND BLUE MONDAY (Savoy)

Paula: It's about time someone took the piss out of New Order and I'm glad they've done it in such a humorous and constructive way. There's quite a lot in that record that deserves raving about.
Gen: Well I think it's brilliant. I didn't expect to although I thought it would be funny and massively sarcastic since the Savoy people (Free Press publishers from Manchester) are the champions of anti-censorship and pompousness. New Order, even though they are very occasionally drinking buddies, are definitely the kings of Mancunian pompousness, lazy and smug, but like me this record is cynical, sarcastic, jaded and vindictive. I'm keeping this one.

Cut, June 1988

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LORD HORROR RECORDS BANNED BY EVERY DISTRIBUTOR IN BRITAIN

George Kimpton, of Pinnacle, said: "As an independent distribution company, we do take a moral stance at some stage, and to some degree we do have a right to an independent political stance. Savoy will just have to accept that musically I found the record uninteresting." Likewise, a spokesman for Red Rhino, part of the Cartel, took...

Sounds, 24 Jan 1987

"Patently untrue. The record is a four-minute flash of HINRG electronic splatter-gut rock 'n' roll and deserves an airing."

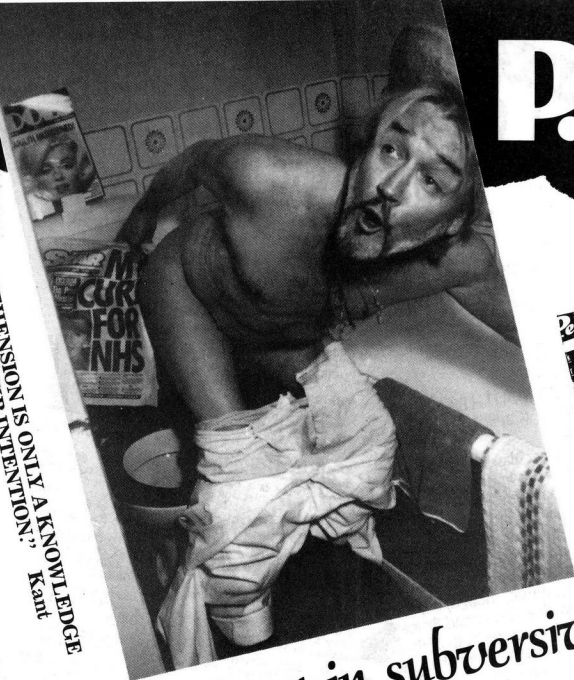
Melody Maker, 31 Jan 1987



LORD HORROR RECORDS

P.J. PROBY ON SAVOY

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HEROES

"On Heroes P. J. Proby decided the song should be his funeral dirge. Savoy put a ponderous, pall-bearer beat to it and Proby sang the song with the dual death in mind. The end result is nothing short of chilling. Proby's Heroes is a colossal cut."

Paul Temple

Melody Maker, 28 Feb 1987



"A startling rendition of T. S. Eliot's The Wasteland over an Edgar Varese electronic backing. With some extraordinary southern belle female impersonations thrown in by Proby for good measure."

Frank Owen

i-D magazine, Dec/Jan 1987

"The best of Savoy's fascinating P. J. Proby records is the most bizarre — on the B-side of Heroes P. J. Proby not only reads out T. S. Eliot's The Wasteland to music, but recites Iggy Pop's The Passenger completely without backing. The result is bleak, sad and very frightening."

Girl About Town, June 1987

"P. J. Proby is too rock 'n' roll for The Last Resort. We're trying to get Tom Jones, who's safer. The only way Proby will get on our show is when he's dead. Bring us his corpse, then we'll put him on."

John Flemming
Producer, "The Last Resort"
28 Sept 1987

ANARCHY IN THE U.K.

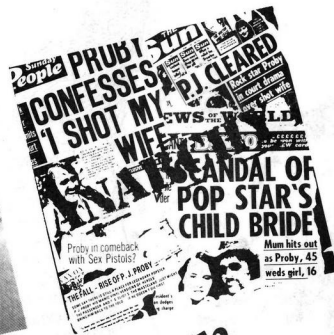
"Truly a seminal waxing of Anarchy in the U.K. ..."

The Face, August 1987

"P. J. Proby is so close to the proverbial edge. Anarchy reeks of insanity. Proby's deranged, keyless voice nauseatingly understates each all-too-notorious syllable of every ridiculous word. With some trepidation we'll tell you that Anarchy works."

The Studd Brothers

Melody Maker, 15 Aug 1987



TAINTED LOVE

"Single of singles! The song Soft Cell made a hit gagged and chained in some leatherette-lined sewer deep below the earth's epidermis. Sounds like a motorway pile-up in Hell. The band just goes for it and P. J. sounds gloriously bad and sleazy. As he says on one side, 'It's a tasty world.'"

Sylvie Simmons
Kerrang! 1986

HARDCORE

"Even if you never heard it, another catastrophic shock wave travelled through the body pop. Hip hop at its most impacted crosses HM staccato chords and guitar abuse solos. Be startled by the disappearance of the beat: it propagates until there's simply an unbearable, stentorian thunder. It reaches an idiot hyper-sexuality. Innuendo, rock's usual fig leaf, is bypassed. Absurdly apocalyptic, it calls itself the last rock 'n' roll record made in England, wants to be the last moment, pop's supernova. I listened to it twice and turned to a pillar of salt."

Paul Oldfield

Melody Maker, 19 Sept 1987



"In the twilight of his career, in the late 1980's, P. J. Proby has emerged from the shadow of his erstwhile mentor, Elvis Presley, and produced a series of remarkable records that have re-spelled 'pop' as 'art'. Through his gift for interpretation he has taken the work of Prince, Joy Division, Bowie and even T. S. Eliot, much as he took Sonheim and Porter in his significant years, and surreally improved the old song models. He has taken them far beyond their original parameters . . . or intentions; an achievement which Presley, who died creatively in 1958 — twenty-five years before the event of his actual death — failed to do. P. J. Proby remains, with Captain Beefheart his only serious challenger, the most original rock singer in the world."

The Sunday Times

LOVE WILL TEAR US APART

"Proby's rendition of Love Will Tear Us Apart is the complete portrait of sexual paranoia. Good loving gone bad. The Joy Division original is just a draft by comparison. Proby's a full-blown Hitchcock masterpiece. A definitive version."

Melody Maker, 28 Feb 1987

"Clearly Single of the Month. The studio version of Love Will Tear Us Apart is hideously fascinating. Near the end of this version Proby adopts a smooth, keening croon for a few lines and provokes a reminiscent chill. The live version is simply bizarre. I would give you an address to Records provide little information. Try your local importer, or any retailer with drive, initiative, and raw courage."

Ken Barnes

Creem magazine, May 1986



THE MUGWUMP DANCE

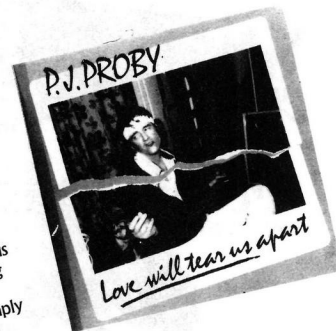
"Savoy + Def Jam + Rock 'n' Roll + P. J. Proby = Art. The Mugwump Dance is a crazed electronic slab of sci-fi — a potential dancefloor killer. P. J. Proby has made a Swamp Rock Def Jam distorted feedback ju-ju nightmare of a disc that'll have us all crawling the walls with him, and naturally it's brilliant. The man's a genius."

Kris Kirk

Melody Maker, 14 Feb 1987

"The most commercial track is Proby's own composition The Mugwump Dance, with its vicious dancefloor beat."

i-D magazine, 1987



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London Evening Standard

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Brian Stableford

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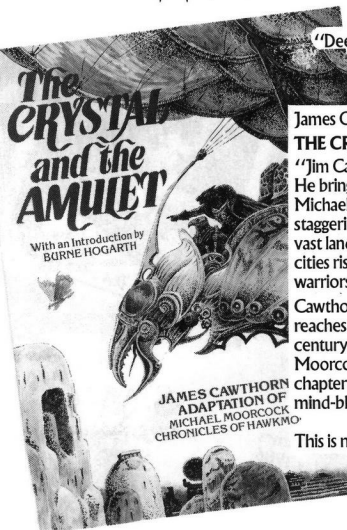
"Deeply boring."

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 Charles Partington
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IDOLS magazine, July 1988

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the bitch!

PARIS 1988 Julie Hollings

IN "SURFIN' USA"



SEEING AS HOW JESSAMY'S INDISPOSED, IT'S UP TO ME, BERYL THE BITCH, TO DUST OFF THIS LETRATONE AND CARRY ON WITH THE STORY!









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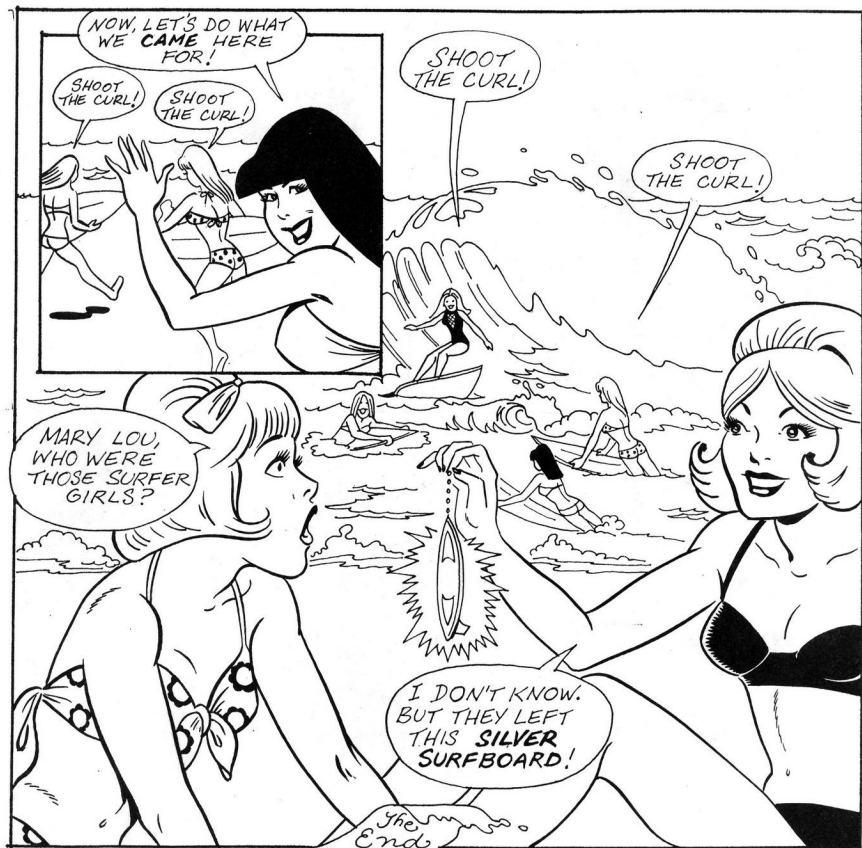


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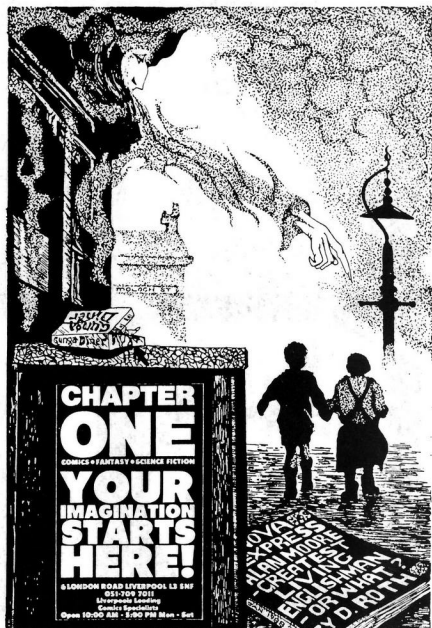
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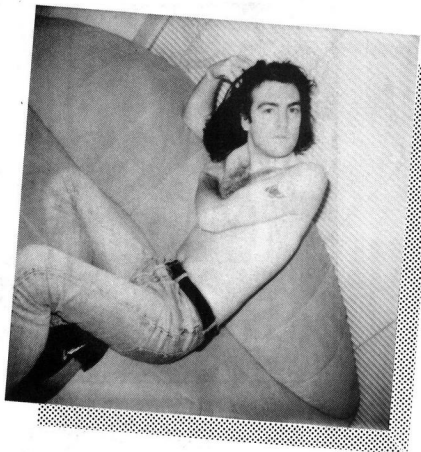
ANTOINE BERNHART'S BOOGALOO



The thoughts of an ex go-go dancer



IN THE LAST three years James Maker has grown up. The boy who found fame and hype while dancing topless in cute cha-cha shoes for Morrissey has certainly seen some wild times in the loony land of rock 'n' roll. Leaving the Smiths behind to form his own band Raymonde, he ended up being hyped as the new, improved Smiths — almost the second coming. His face was on every style and music page and then . . . nothing. So what happened?



MAKER OF HYPE

I HAVE BEEN deliberately misunderstood and misrepresented. It was all very harmful. People meet me and they think I should be sitting there with a cup of Earl Grey reading Radcliffe Hall. All this stuff about the Smiths, Morrissey . . . it's all old news. It's over two years old. The music journalists wanted me because I had a slightly better-than-average command of the English language. They thought, "My God! Just what we need — a new Morrissey." They presented the band, Raymonde, as a second Smiths . . . the pretenders to the throne. And maybe at times I indulged in that fantasy. I could see what

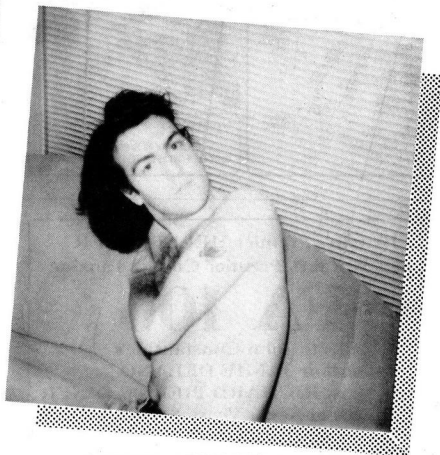
was going on and I didn't take the interviews seriously. Give them what they want. It could have helped, but it didn't for us. We didn't make a dime. Raymonde belongs to the past now. My own group has developed and we have found our niche. Our first single, called *Destination Breakdown*, is out in September. It will be followed by a single called *Guts*. It's on an indie label — *Immaculate* — but we'll be doing a deal with a major in the fall. Only we won't make the same mistake. Basically, I'm a barbaric rock 'n' roll person. Life is barbaric. Rock 'n' roll mirrors life.



POLITICS OF DANCING

PEOPLE SEE THEMSELVES as individuals. What it really is is a case of "I'm all right, Jack." As long as inflation is down and earnings go up and they can afford a good lifestyle, people don't care how it's done. I don't think that they give a shit. People in this country are blinkered to the real problems. The Government propaganda machine keeps churning out diversions. The Malvinas, for example. We forgot about the miners and the five million out of work — it was "Kill the Argies" and "England's glory". Now we have Section 28. And it is conceivable that she would get a bill through tomorrow that would make the homosexual act illegal again. And I don't think anything would happen. People would tolerate it. We are a rapidly developing country and we need mega-bucks and yen. The Government is only interested in finance — people come second. I am not a violent man but it seems that revolution is the only way. With the passing of Section 28, a direct

violation of civil rights happened in this country. I'm surprised that the gays didn't riot. They are not well organised and there are too many factions. In America they lobby all the time and they had Stonewall, a gay riot that woke the nation to the problems of being gay. In this country we have seen ethnic groups riot when they have taken enough shit. Their voice is heard and the people of this country see that something is very wrong. The Government and the press have turned gays into a public whipping post. The gay plague, AIDS, someone to blame — it's an old ploy. Hitler used it on the Jews. It's typical of a country that has lost it's empire. The north of England has got used to its poverty and become complacent. Or it's being tempted — come South, make money, you can do it. It's no solution.



SEXUAL HEALING

I THINK THAT homo, hetero and bi are just prefixes on the word sexual. We should get rid of them tomorrow. I have enjoyed sex with women and men. I don't make distinctions either socially or sexually. Love is important. A loving relationship brings some order into your life. One acts as the shield for the other and vice versa. Of course, a perfect relationship cannot exist — we as people are too complex. No one should have to be someone else's appendage. Individuality in a relationship is vital. You must recognise that the other person had a life before you. And although you can still admire other beautiful people, fidelity is important. I don't give a shit about the permissive Sixties and Seventies. It was all bullshit.

B · I · G · G · E · R · & · B · E · T · T · E · R · T · H · A · N · E · V · E · R ·

COMICBOOK MARKETPLACE

1988
SUNDAY
SEPTEMBER
4

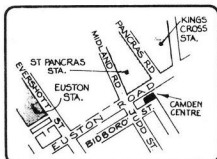
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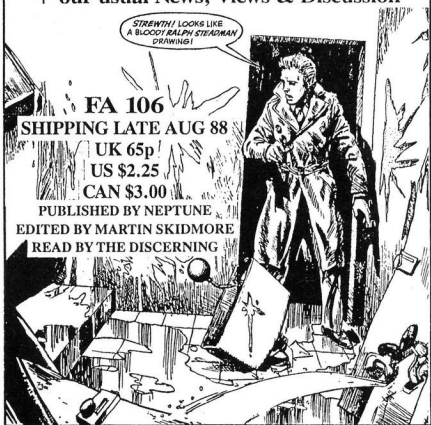
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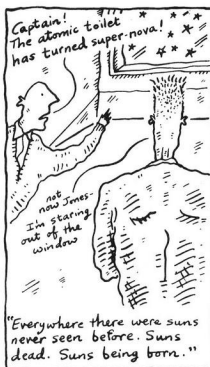


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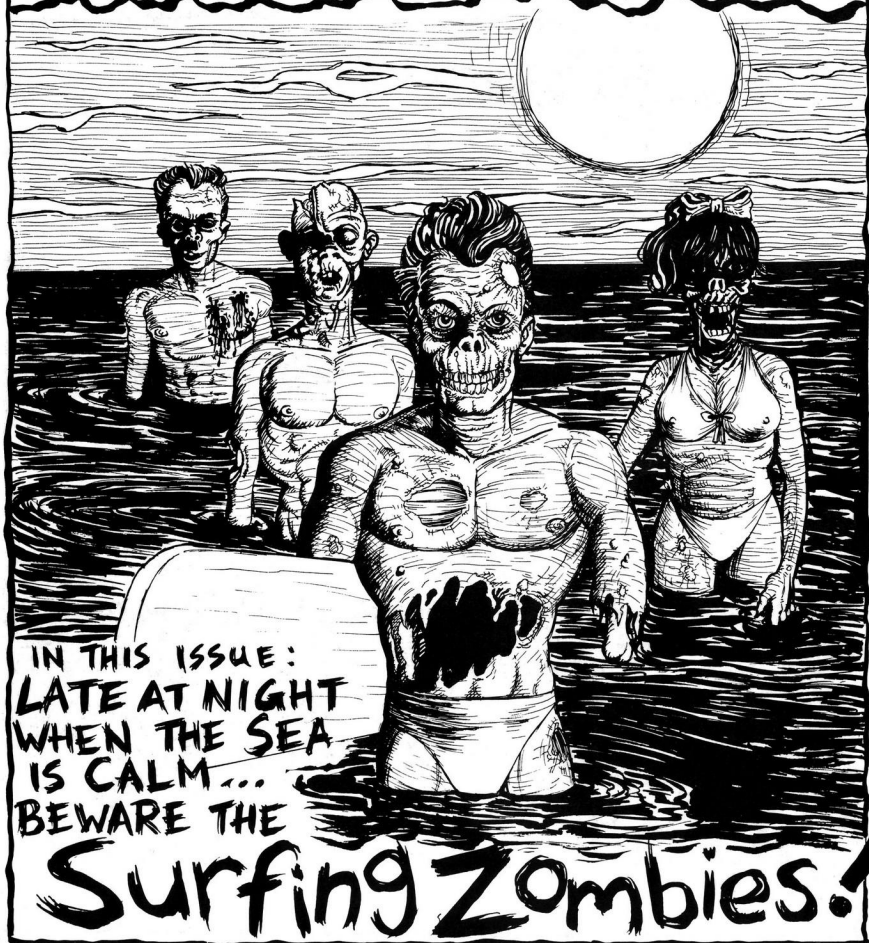
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Surfin' HORROR-STORIES

APPROVED
BY THE
HEART
BREAK
HOTEL
CODE.



IN THIS ISSUE:
LATE AT NIGHT
WHEN THE SEA
IS CALM...
BEWARE THE

Surfing Zombies!



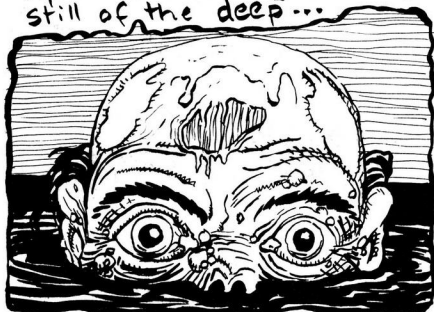
As the Sun sets over the pacific, GIDGET + her pals frolic in the cooling waves ...



They decide to have a wild + crazy beach - party -



but they are not alone!! Dead
eyes are watching from the
still of the deep...



-as if called by the beat of the
Surfing music, ZOMBIES rise up
+ stagger forward...



the teenagers are about to turn + run, when suddenly-
FRANKIE recognizes one of the ZOMBIES!



Why... that's
BUDDY!

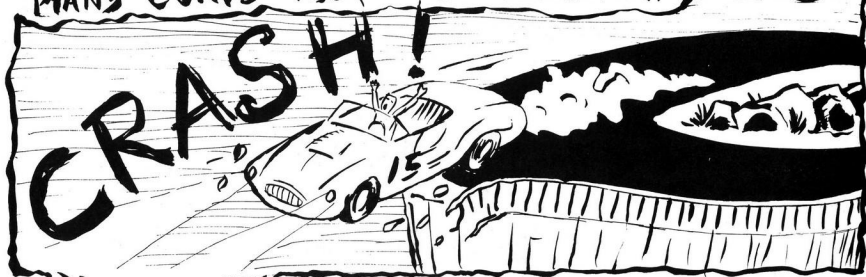


Bud - how
come you're
a ZOMBIE
now?

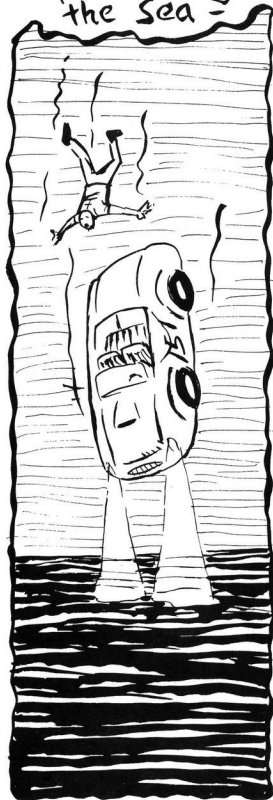
Well, it's a
long story
FRANKIE



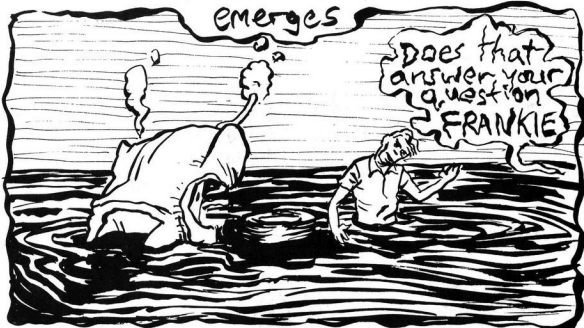
meanwhile ... high above the beach, at DEAD - MANS CURVE itself - an accident!!



The 'rod falls
hundreds of feet
before landing in
the sea



... and a new teen - ZOMBIE
emerges



climbing onto our boards, the
ZOMBIES surfed off...



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WORN OUT is a lesbian-run design company formed "because we were fed up with a lot of boring T-shirt designs", say Mandy and Tracey. "They may have been functional but they were not particularly aesthetically pleasing. And we realised that there was a gap in the market for both gay and campaigning T-shirts.

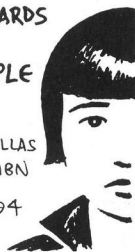
"Most political T-shirts don't take into consideration a good design — they just try to get the message across and leave it at that. All our work carries a certain amount of humour — decidedly lacking in most aspects of life in the late 1980s. Not that we find a lot to laugh about, you understand, but we find humour attractive — and subversive, in a subtle way."

We've got a pair of Worn Out T-shirts to give away. Just send a postcard to Heartbreak Hotel, 29 Belsize Park, London NW3 4DX, marked Worn out. First two postcards drawn after September 1 will receive a T-shirt.




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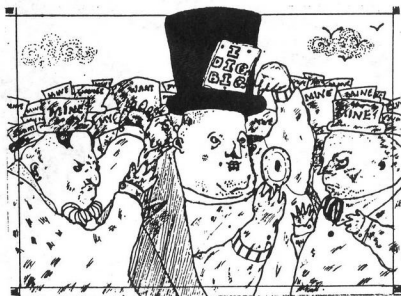



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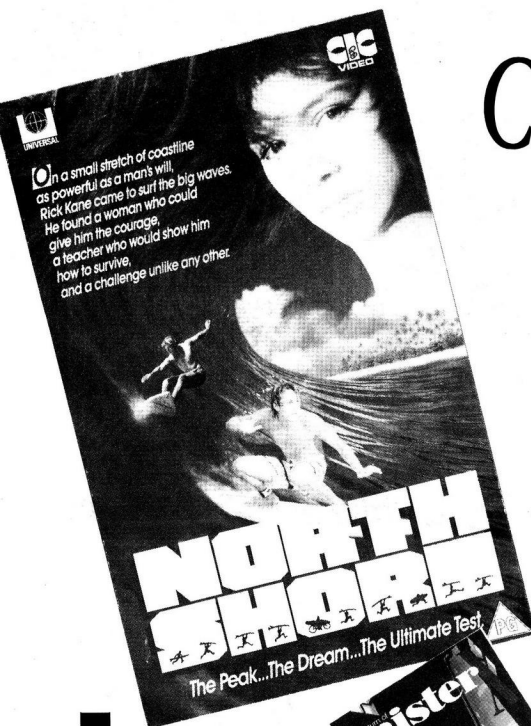


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Competitions



The roar of the crowd is indistinguishable from the roar of the surf. He sees the wave rise and takes it. And as he rides it all the way in, he realises the title is his — Arizona state surf champion!

For those of you unfamiliar with US geography, the irony of this title may escape you. Arizona, you see, is completely landlocked, out in the middle of the desert. And Rick Kane has won the state title at his neighbourhood wave pool!

From this wry beginning spins out a delightful, warm and humorous film. Rick's dream is to ride the wild surf of Hawaii's legendary North Shore. So instead of putting his prize money away for college, he spends it on an airplane ticket to Hawaii.

And of course he makes a complete ass of himself once he gets there. But he soon makes friends, falls in love with an island girl, finds a mentor who teaches him how to master the world's most powerful waves, and is then faced with the decision of returning to the mainland for college or giving it all up for love.

North Shore was a smash hit in the States and goes on video release in the UK on August 19, with a dealer price of £44.95. But we've got a copy to give away in another one of our really tough competitions. The question to answer (on a postcard or the back of an envelope to *Heartbreak Hotel*, 29 Belsize Park, London NW3 4DX by October 1) is: In what year was Hawaii admitted to the US? Kowabunga!

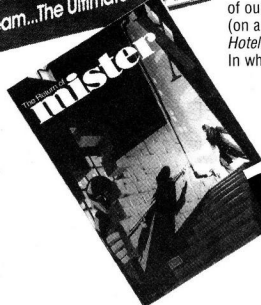
To celebrate the opening of its new shop at 71 New Oxford Street, Forbidden Planet has given us a hefty handful of tasty graphic albums to give away.

First, we've got the hard-bound US import edition of *Batman: Year One* by Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli.

Next, in a spurious tie-in with DC's newly-released prestige format series *The Prisoner*, we have *The Return of Mister X*. Mister X — architect, speed freak and insomniac — was created by Dean Motter, who is currently writing the aforementioned *Prisoner* series.

Finally, we have a Richard Corben album, *The Last Voyage of Sindbad*.

All three of these books will go to one lucky person who can correctly answer the following question: What is the Joker's real name? Answers as usual by October 1; first correct entry drawn wins.



WHAT A combination — German band, Liverpool label, and cover graphics by Brute. Yes, it's KMFDM. The band's second LP is released September 5 on Skysaw records. KMFDM's sound has been described as "David Lynch and/or David Cronenberg taking control of a Scritti Politti session" or "music to tour Sellafield to".

We've got a copy of the album and a 12-inch single of the title track, *Don't Blow Your Top*, to give away. The question is: the Brute boys recently made their television debut with a spoof serial on what TV programme? Answers October 1.



WINNERS: *Freddy Krueger Model Kit* — Gary Juggins; *Panic Brothers EP* — Ben Hall (who also gets the free subscription) and David Weber; *Shamen single* — R. A. Brown; *Watchmen watch* — Marie-Helene Frutoso; *Batman: The Movie video* — Kenny Mayes; *Back on the Road LP* — David Turton; *Sixties Mix Two LP* — Stewart Nolan; *CDs* — Naomi Petula and George Foster. And by the way, they had to retire the postman from the number of competition entries! Keep 'em comin'.

... personality shines through
each. She's a Kate Rock. You
er. Her most vital function is
- (artistic though it is) bu

TURKEY IS THIS year's 'in' place. Or was it last year's? Whatever, all the TV travel programmes have been advising gullible Brits like me to go there "before it gets spoiled". In other words, before Club 18-30 and McDonalds arrive on the scene. Consequently, Turkey is already well on the way to being spoiled — it is now over-run with British tourists . . . although we don't equal the numbers of Germans. They discovered it years ago and think they have more right to be there. World War II is frequently replayed as fights break out over beach umbrellas.

The worst part of any holiday, apart from coming home, is packing. Don't believe those magazine articles that recommend taking just two T-shirts, a bikini and a sarong (which, for the uninitiated, is like wearing a tablecloth that keeps doing its best to fall off) in a carrier bag and you'll have enough outfits to last a month. My personal list of essentials includes a stack of paperbacks, five pairs of shoes and a litre of suntan cream.

Having avoided any mid-air collisions over Gatwick, the rest of the flight was an anti-climax. It was so hot when we arrived in Turkey that everyone shed as many items of clothing as was deemed decent whilst walking to the airport building.

The Mediterranean coast lived up to my expectations. The scenery is idyllic, as promised by the brochures: white houses, tree-covered hills, olive groves, exotic flowers and turquoise sea. What they don't mention is the contrast between the peasant villages in the mountains and the newly affluent seaside resorts. Turkey is becoming more commercialised every month, and the gap between traditional and modern is growing wider. I admit that I saw less than I'd hoped; it was so hot that I abandoned my plans of travelling north to Istanbul, and was happy to follow the laid-back example of the Turks and sit in the sun drinking vast quantities of water.

I spent the first few days avoiding my countrymen, easily recognisable by their moans about the lack of fried eggs at breakfast and a tendency to sunbathe at mid-day. It seems slightly odd that people who have nothing in common apart from their choice of holiday destination decide to become best friends for two weeks and then spend hours swapping tales of lost luggage. To avoid this trap, I took my best friend with me. Jo and I have known each other since schooldays and so are very aware of any idiosyncracies that could cause problems. Holidays are a true test of friendship, and choosing the right companion is a serious matter — avoid hypochondriacs, nymphomaniacs and men who wear Union Jack shorts.

Romance is almost obligatory on holidays. If you're young and female, a trip to Turkey boosts the ego. Almost every man under the age of thirty-five will ask you to the local disco (best avoided unless you have a penchant for sweaty clinches and Euro-disco) and tell you how beautiful you are. Unless you're completely stupid, the novelty soon diminishes and the monotonous chat-up routines fade into the background as you get on with having some serious fun. One guidebook suggested that women wear a wedding ring to avoid hassle, but I tried this and it made little difference.

Most Turks are very friendly, polite and generous, and genuinely want you to enjoy their country. Every time we stopped to chat, glasses of tea were offered. Even haggling over the price of a carpet turned into a social event. Having been "adopted" on the second day of our holiday by four Turkish/Italian brothers who ran a restaurant, we were assured of a personal, mafia-style guard of honour on the beach — very useful if you want to go topless, girls, as baring all attracts a crowd of voyeurs.

For most of us, the main reason for going on vacation is to escape from routine. Ironically, most days on vacation assume a new routine: get woken up at five in the morning by the caller at the local mosque, go to the beach, have a siesta, swim, drinks, look in a mirror and realise you've burned your nose, have dinner, more drinks . . . Time slips by and The Last Night arrives too quickly. My last night was spent drinking Turkish champagne and promising to send photos to half the town. As most of my holiday photos invariably show unidentifiable bits of coastline or me looking half-drowned, this was not a good idea.

Now I'm home and already my suntan is fading. I can't wait to do it all again next year. In fact, I'm off to the travel agent now.



is impa...
 eates find tacky but most Au...
 morous Trina Robbins back to...
 nny, apple-pie-sexy, all-Ameri...

LIKE, I'VE NEVER really spent a summer in San Francisco before. Y'see, usually Daddio and Mommio and me fly off to Brazil or the Riviera or somewhere like that in June and stay there till September, but things have changed. Daddio and Mommio lost all their money and their brokerage firm in the Great Crash of 1987. Now Daddio's doing valet parking for Pasta Italiano in North Beach, and Mommio's working the graveyard shift at the International House of Pancakes, and all that's left is the condo. So my best friend Muffy is in the same boat, and we decided to have a good time this summer right here in the cool grey City of Love.

Here's how a typical day went: Muffy called for me after breakfast. It being July, I put on my fur jacket and boots, wrapped a scarf around my head and took mittens. Outside, the fog that comes in on little cat feet every day was here to stay. It purred and rubbed against the goose-bumped legs of the blue tourists in their bermuda shorts and their Kool-rays, half-heartedly trying to fry eggs on the sidewalk.

We thought we might start the day with a neat cable car ride, but the fare's been raised to \$2.50, so instead we just hung out on the line of tourists waiting to ride halfway to the stars and listened to the guy in the sandwich board that says "prepare for the end of the world" talk about Jesus. That's good for about a half hour, and then he stops being funny.

So after that, me and Muffy thought we'd like to try another line, so we went and hung out on the *Roger Rabbit* line at the Alhambra theater. It's a fun line 'cause everybody on it has already seen *Roger Rabbit* at least three times anyway, so they all stand around talking about it. Muffy and me haven't seen it yet because we don't have the money for the tickets because of the Great Crash, but we know everything that happens in the movie anyway from hearing everybody talk about it on the line.

Then everybody went in to see the movie and Muffy and me had to find something else to do. We decided to go shopping at Goodwill — even we can afford to buy something there! It wasn't a particularly good day at Goodwill — all the punks had been there already and bought every torn black thing — but I found a really bitchin' prom dress. I tried to pull it off the rack, but it wouldn't budge. Then I saw that somebody else was pulling on the other end — a guy in a nun's habit and roller skates. He said, "I got it first, honey. Anyway, it's not your size." Bummers. I guess I'll see it at the next Gay Pride parade, but I would have looked neat wearing it with my black combat boots.

We passed a comic book store and looked in but, like, gross! The place was full of thirteen-year-old boys and smelled like old sweat sox! I did see this one cool comic about girls like us who live in California — only they don't hafta shop in Goodwill 'cause the readers send in clothing designs for them to wear, and they change clothes every page. Muffy and me thought it would be way cool if we could, like, just wear paper doll clothes.

Then we went to Haight Street to hang out. We couldn't make up our minds whether to hang out with the hippies or the punks. See, on Haight Street, hippy never died, and there's all these twenty-year-old hippies in tie-dye and love beads standing around waving sticks of incense, going, "Wow, man!" and "Psychedelic!" But then, on the other side of the street all the punks hang out, wearing the torn black things they bought at Goodwill and going, "Smash the state!" Of course, they don't know that outside of Haight street punk is dead too.

Luckily, we ran into Dylan. Dylan is in my Inner Space class at Richard Milhouse Nixon High School, and he's the hunkiest seventeen-year-old dude I've ever met. We all live near each other, so we decided to walk home together. On the way back, we got panhandled. This street guy said to Dylan, "You got a light, mac?" And Dylan answered, "No, but I've got a black leather jacket."



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